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THE OBSERVATOR.

A Latin *Oration at* Cambridge *on the Thirtieth of* January *laſt, Tranſlated by the* Obſervator; *and Remark'd by the* Country-man.

From **Saturday** March the 9th, to **Wednesday** March the 13th, 1706.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, I Challenge you.

Obſ. That's the part of a *Coward* to Challenge a Man newly recovered from a fit of Sickneſs, that is not half the Man he was before.

Country-m. I don't Challenge you to Fight, as the *Beau-Writers* have done, when they could not Anſwer you with *Reaſon* or *Argument*.

Obſ. How then doſt Challenge me?

Country-m. I Challenge you to be as good as your Word, in giving me an Account of the *Latin Oration* at *Cambridge*, on the Thirtieth of *January* laſt paſt.

Obſ. The *Villany* of the thing will put thee into a Paſſion; and I muſt be upon theſe Terms with thee, That if I *Engliſh* the *Oration*, thou wilt make ſome *Remarks* thereupon.

Country-m. Done, and Done; I'll be as good as my Word, begin when you pleaſe.

Obſ. He begins his *Oration* thus, *Iniqua temporum Ratio poſtulari videtur, Academici, ut potius futura mala deprecemur, quam ut anteacta recordemur; non enim quid Olim Senſimus tam Dolendum, quam ne iterum Senſiamus metuendum.*

Country-m. Maſter, what's that in *Engliſh*?

Obſ. My Fellow Students in the Univerſity, *the Iniquity of the times is ſuch, that it ſeems much more Expedient to deprecate Evils to come, than to remember ſuch as are paſt; for we are not ſo much to lament what we have already felt (or ſuffer'd) as we are to be afraid leaſt the ſame Game ſhould be play'd over again.*

Country-m. A rare beginning, directly contrary to *Her Majeſties Proclamation*, and the *Opinion* and *Reſolution* of both *Houſes of Parliament*. I was, 'tother day, comparing the *Varſities* to *Coney-Burrows*; but, I think, we may better compare 'em to *Hare-Warrens*, they are Inhabited by ſuch fearful Creatures; an *Eſſex Lyon* has ten times the Courage of a *Varſity-Man*. Why, Maſter, theſe People are always in Fear, poor Trembling Wretches, that are going to Exerciſe like the *Original Quakers*. The Queen tells 'em, *They are in no Danger*; the *Lords*, the *Commons*, every Body tells 'em ſo, and yet they Shake and Tremble like ſo many *Aſpen-Leaves*. But, Maſter, if theſe Men are afraid of their own *Shadows*; if unaccountable *Whims* ſeize their *Heads*, and they believe 'em *Realities*, muſt the *Royal Ear* be d'inn'd with the Jargon of their *Frenzies*? Muſt the whole *Nation* be diſturb'd with the Horrid Unharmonious Noiſe of the *High-Church* Clappers? You have told me That there are in that *Varſity* ſeveral Honeſt Gentlemen that are true to both *Church* and *State*. Theſe ought to be rid of ſuch Company as the *Oration-Man*, and therefore I could wiſh that the *Government* would make a Detachment of the *Mad High Flying* Fellows in both the *Varſities*, and bring 'em to their proper Colledge in *Moor-fields*. But, Maſter, proceed.

Obſ. He Raves on to the ſame purpoſe. *Niſi etenim oriens extinguatur, Incendium in inveteratam tandem erumpet Flammam; niſi deferveſcat Statim Spiritus iſte, quem jam intumeſcentem videmus, experietur (ſed Omen precor avertant Dij) iterum miſera quid poſſint* Fanatici *experietur* Anglia. In *Engliſh* thus,

Unleſs the Flame be extinguiſh'd before it get to a Head, it will be as tremendous as ever; unleſs a Check be put to their growing Intemperate Zeal, *unhappy* England *(which God forbid) will again Experience what the* Whigs *can do.*

Country-m. This is the ſecond part to the ſame Tune. But upon my Country Word, if a full ſtop be not put to the *Intemperate Zeal* of the *High-Flyers*, and the *Inſolencies* of their Brethren the *Papiſhes*, *England* may in time Repent of its *Lenity*. 'Tother Scrap, good Maſter?

Obſ. The next is a Home Stroke. *Anne igitur* Fanaticis *danda ſunt Præmia, qui noſtræ debent Clementiæ quod Pœnis non Afficiuntur? Anne illi ad Reipub. honores admittendi quibus, abunde Satisfactum eſt quod a Repub. non exterminentur?*

In *Engliſh* thus. *Muſt the* Whigs *therefore be Rewarded when 'tis owing to our Clemency that they are not ſeverely Puniſhed? Are they to be admitted to the Honours and Preferments of the* State, *who ought to be contented that they are not cut off Root and Branch?*

Country-m. Now my Righteous Spirit begins to riſe at 'em. What Power has *High-Church* to Puniſh the *Whigs* or any Body elſe? How does their *Liberty* proceed from the others *Clemency*? Root and Branch, Maſter, Men, Women, and Children, what's the *Engliſh* of that? A *Maſſacre*. But I think they have here ſufficiently Arraigned the Wiſdom of the *Queen*.

Obſ. You'll ſay ſo indeed, when I have told you the following Sentence, which is this, *Qui* Fanaticorum *conſilia non videt, Inſanus eſt; Qui diſſimulat, Ignarus; Qui autem cum videt, favet, Impius. Engliſhed* thus,

He that does not diſcern the Councils and Deſigns of the Whigs, *is* Mad; *he that diſſembles them, is an* Ignoramus; *but he who doth diſcern them, and yet favours them, is an* Impious Wretch.

Country-m. High-Tantivy! The Fellow's upon the Tit-up; he Kicks and Spurs like a *Knight of the Order* of the *Memorial!* Won't this be a fine Fellow to make a *Dignitary* of the *Church*? I'll warrant he expects to climb the *Eccleſiaſtical Ladder* till he gets to the Top; no, no, Mr. *Orator*, thou art fitter by half to climb the *Ladder* at *Paul Lorrains Tree*; *Newgate's* a fitter Habi-

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tation for thee than a *Biſhops Palace*. Why, Maſter, this *Oration-Monger* Reflects on the Queen, as being guided by *Whig Council*, and what if She be? Has not Her Majeſty the Power to Chuſe what *Council* She pleaſes? Her Majeſties Predeceſſors had ſuch a Power; and what *Law* denies Her Majeſty that Right? I can find by the Influence the *Government* has over the whole *Nation*, that things go better, and the *Common Cauſe* looks with a better Aſpect ſince ſome Men dropt from the *Miniſtry*. Maſter, my Spirit is up, and I ſhall Speak out preſently.

Obſ. Then we had beſt leave off while 'tis well.

Country-m. No, Maſter, a little more on't? I'll keep the Old Man down as well as I can.

Obſ. The next Sentence I give for Remark is this, *Anne igitur jam tandem vos pudet? certe non; unde igitur tam Subito manſueti, qui olim tam feri? Scilicet ut tutius fallatis, ut incautos melius; opprimatis non enim ad veteris Belli Oblivionem vos confertis, ſed ad Novi Comparationem.*

Says he, ſpeaking of the *Whigs*, *Doth it not now at length Shame you of your Villanies? Surely no; whence then this mighty Change? How is it that on a ſudden you are become ſo Meek, who were before ſo Fierce* and *Violent? This is the Reaſon, That you may carry on your Deſigns with the greater ſafety, and accompliſh them unawares; For your Communing together is not to put out of Remembrance an Old, but to prepare for a New War.*

Country-m. Maſter, if this ben't *Sedition* there is no Bread in nine Loaves. But how are the *Whigs* preparing for a New War? There is not one *Whig* in *England* but what will venture his Life for Her *Majeſty* and *Government*. If we are in any danger of a New War, 'tis from thoſe, who, in a late *Scandalous Memorial*, told us, *That their* Natures *would Rebel againſt their* Principles; and threatened to *Rouſe* their *Natures* againſt the *Queen* and *Government*. Now if the *Whigs* do Commune together, in order to Oppoſe thoſe Men that threaten the Safety of the *Queen* and *Realm*, I think they do their Duty: For Her Majeſty is in no danger but from the *Memorialiſts* and *Papiſhes*. Tother Slice, Maſter.

Obſ. He runs ſtill upon the *Whigs*, and ſays, *Iſ ſunt quos nec ad recte faciendum invitare poſſunt Præmia, nec a fœdiſſimis factis deterere Pœna; meliores igitur illos vel ſperare Stulti eſt; expectare autem Dementis; nam, ut uno verbo conficiam omnia, ſui diſſimiles nec poſſunt eſſe, nec audent.*

That is, *They are a ſort of People whom no Benefits can oblige, or Puniſhments affrighten from the Vileſt Actions. He is a Fool only that hopes to ſee their Reformation; but he's downright Mad who expects it. In a Word, 'tis next to impoſſible they ſhould be ſo unlike themſelves, nay, they dare not.* And then he ſays, *Simul enim et Seditio & Fanaticismus invaſerunt* Angliam. *i. e.* Sedition *and* Whiggiſm *ſprang up at the ſame time in* England.

Country-m. I am ſure, Maſter, *Popery* and *High-Church* came into *England* at the ſame time. But he makes ſtrange Monſters of the Poor *Whigs*: 'Tis well 'tis not in the Power of *High-Church* to deſtroy 'em Root and Branch. However, we ſee what they would be at, and are Fools if we are not aware of 'em.

Obſ. Now, *Country-man*, I'll ſhow you the *Religion* of the Man in the *Apoſtrophe*; he makes to the Whore of *Babylon*, in theſe Words. *Agnoſce igitur, O* Roma! *Te tuis Armis victam! & fateare Fanaticorum Clementiam Jeſuitarum Crudelitate ferociorem, fateare Presbyterianam Moderationem fervore Papiſtico violentiorem.*

Which in *Engliſh* is this, *Oh* Rome! *Own thy ſelf Conquer'd by thy own Weapons! And confeſs the* Whigs Clemency *to exceed the* Jeſuits Cruelty, *and the* Preſbyterian Moderation *to be more violent than the* Popiſh Fury.

Country-m. A *Papiſt*, a *Papiſt*, Maſter, a *Varſity Popeling*! Come, Sir, one time or other they'll all declare themſelves what they really are. You know the *Rehearſal* declar'd himſelf a *Papiſt* but 'tother Day; we ſhall have 'em all in their Turns. And 'tis matter of Reflection, That had not the *Papiſhes* ſome aſſurance of Aſſiſtance, beſides their own Numbers, they would never be ſo Rampant as at preſent, and Inſult the *Proteſtants*, as lately they did in *Lancaſhire*. The Pretended *Proteſtants* that carry on *Popiſh* Deſigns, under the Diſguiſe and Maſk of the *Church*, are the worſt Enemies we have. Was ever a *Proteſtant Queen*, and a Princeſs that Governs Her People according to the ſtricteſt Rules of *Equity* and *Juſtice*, thus treated by an Infamous Band of *Incendiaries*, and that under pretence of *Religion*? Surely, as no Age ever ſaw the like, ſo this Age ought, in the higheſt manner, to abominate ſuch Practices; and thoſe that love the *Queen* and the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*, ought to Unite themſelves in Defence of *Her* and the *Realm*.

Obſ. Country-man, I have given you enough of this Oration for one time; when we meet again you ſhall have the reſt of it.

Country-m. Then, Maſter, let us depart in Peace with a Good Health to our Soveraign Lady Queen *Anne*, and Converſion to the *Varſity* Men.

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